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MOONLIGHT

COURTESY OF N. E. MONTROSS

D. W. TRYON

DWIGHT TRYON

BY DUNCAN PHILLIPS

THE best landscapes of Dwight Tryon more or less unconsciously combine subtlety with precision. It is, however, their even more unusual distinction to express emotion with that quiet dignity and reserve characteristic of all self-withdrawn and sensitive temperaments. There is never abandonment to the luxury of refining upon a mood. On the other hand there is never a plain statement of facts. Tryon thrills to the dawning, when the woods awake to sound as the hills respond to color, it is with a secret thrill. When he has come to tell us of the wonderful moment the tone of his voice has been unstrained ever so little by the sentiment which he has almost succeeded in concealing. He has called our attention to the

rock-ribbed structure of New England fields in contrast to the diaphanous tracery of the trees against a primrose sky, and he has spoken in a manner that would have us believe he is more interested in the severity of the soil than in the sweetness of the sunrise. This typical New England coldness of Tryon is curiously enough, his charm. The combination of precise observation with genuine emotion is not an uncommon one among artists. When the precision outweighs the emotion we have the realist and when the emotion outweighs the precision—the mystic. Tryon might have been either a realist or a mystic if his two dominant qualities had not hung so persistently in the balance. It is just this perfect balance between the well informed,



BEFORE SUNRISE—MAY

COURTESY OF N. E. MONTROSS

D. W. TRYON

p'ain spoken observer of facts and the scrupulous artist selecting lovingly and with delicate perception his chosen moment, which distinguishes the expression of Tryon from that of many other painters of similar subjects.

In his earliest period Tryon's tones were dark. He loved black nights with troubled skies, a yellow moon casting fitful gleams over the hard and rough old earth. Gradually his tones lightened and his reserve increased. His pre-occupation was always with the solidity of forms in the foreground and the mellowing influences of tender light and color in the distance. This point of view, pictorial and mental, became a habit. Contemporary influences left him undisturbed. His emotion lost its freshness so that today we say that Tryon's art has "gone stale." He has raised a little his key of color and flattened his tones until his pattern feebly suggests the landscapes of Puyvis de Chavannes. But the decoration is apt to be as dead as the wall. His November twilight is no longer interesting for there is no hint of glory left in the

horizon to speak of the day's coming, of its having passed that way. We see only stone fences, purplish weeds, green grasses and weak bare trees which look as if they would never care to bear their share again.

However, the perfunctory pictures of these later years should not spoil our impression of the original, the essential Tryon. I often think that he has painted the dawn light and the afterglow with greater fidelity to fact than any one else. I know that he has caught for me the evanescent loveliness of unusual cloud-colors which I have often tried in vain to describe. Pastel is a medium congenial to this master of effects evanescent. In this language he has told us of sea beaches stilled at twilight, of waters dim and murmurous, of sand catching the fading splendor of the sky. Tryon's art is the perfect expression of his personality, an art which, like Whistler's, reveals itself in its proud concealment, an art of fine, pervading silences, of dullness momentarily bewitched, of remote, subdued enchantments.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE ART TEACHERS OF AMERICA

BY JOSEPH PENNELL

Associate Chairman, Committee on Public Information (Division of Pictorial Publicity)

RECENTLY at a meeting of the School Art League in New York City Mr. Henry Reuterdaahl pointed out that there was a lack of facilities for the study of industrial art in this country. I understand he said as far as his own profession was concerned there was an utter absence of these or any other facilities for technical training, and that he was compelled to go abroad to get those facilities, to get technical instruction. Almost every art school or school where art is taught in this country (and there are said to be 6,151 of them), announces that it teaches illustration amongst its other accomplishments; some teach etching and almost all teach poster art. Almost all have free scholarships, some of which include trips to Europe, and all have I believe, money prizes amongst their attractions, and social evenings, and summer schools and uplifts and all that.

There never was so much encouragement, so much support, given to art students. There never was such a demand on the part of editors, advertisers, manufacturers, and now the Government has come in, for illustrations, for posters, even for art. The dealers too, being mostly cut off from their European sources of supply as well as their annual outings, are doing everything possible to encourage local, national, or refugee talent to be found in the land. There never was such a boom, such a search for drawings and prints. The amateur too, has got entangled and produces monographs and gets up shows, prosperous painters are patronizing etching, while others organize exhibitions and then show them and their families off in them, and every one tries posters. The prices that are obtained, we are told, are fabulous for the works of these illustrators and engravers, and yet, curiously, American illustration never as a whole was so commonplace, American engraving so artless, American posters so pitiful. And why?

The reasons are worth considering and the methods of our schools are worth looking into—and when looked into what is the discovery?

That there are no schools—or I should like to know of one—where illustration and engraving are taught technically and practically. There are in the country 2,360 professional teachers of art. (How they run the 6,151 schools I do not pretend to know). But I do know that there are not more than a dozen men and women who are practical and professional illustrators who are teaching and know anything practically about the technical part of the profession they profess to teach, and I must say they do not pretend to teach it. They teach drawing, painting, composition. But as to teaching what tools to use, what mediums to employ, how to engrave and print, those details are left for the students to find out by sad experience for themselves. The photo-engraver and printer are not teachers and don't run schools. There is not, I am informed, a school of photo-engraving in the United States where an art student can learn this indispensable branch of his trade.

There were some schools where wood engraving was practically taught, but as wood engraving is a lost art nearly, and as there is no money in it, the schools, if they still exist, attract few if any pupils. Is there a school of printing where the printing of illustrations in books, magazines and papers is properly taught to students of illustration? Certainly some of the catalogues and other publications issued by the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh are well printed, but I am unable to say if they were printed in the Technical School or under its auspices.

And I was told that there was a class in lithography in the town—I forget its name that has been made famous because it is the home of Mr. Billy Sunday, but I know nothing of the school nor class. There is a

good etching school in the National Academy of Design directed by a good etcher, but how many others are there? I know of one teacher of etching who taught a year or more before he made a plate. I do not know if he has done one yet. The papers say he is going to. Is there any school of lithography—I have never heard of but the one—yet I know of a technical school where they have a lithographic press somewhere in the cellar.

Is there any practical school of commercial cover designing and book binding? I never heard of that either. (There are plenty of art binders.) Or of type designing and founding and the other branches of the printing arts. No, in all these essentials for the making of good illustrated books, magazines and papers we are absolutely unprepared. And as to lettering that founded on the linotype and lower case is simply beneath contempt. Look at the lettering on most of our posters—it is vile. Teachers will discuss with, and lecture to, the pupils on the prints and the illustrations of the past, yet they haven't the faintest idea how a print or illustration is made today right under their noses. To remedy all this there are the correspondence colleges and mail classes and those people who, for a small consideration will tell the student how to make big money quick. The big art doesn't matter. And what is the result? The illustrations and the prints produced in this country are made after a formula dictated by the art editor who often knows nothing of art, and the art dealer who frequently knows nothing of dealing, or else by the printer who knows what the public wants according to his ideas.

Twenty-five years ago illustration and engraving were scarcely taught in this country, consequently the illustrator and engraver after having learned to draw learned their craft in the art rooms of the magazines and papers and in the engravers' shops, and then worked out what they had learned in the press room. And today, the only practical schools of illustration are in the newspaper offices. The pupil knows nothing of his illustration after he has drawn or painted it till he sees it in print, and if he gets a shock when he sees it the art editor and engraver and printer tell

him it is his fault—and it surely is—though the teachers, or the system, are to blame as well. The etchers and engravers mostly turn their plates over to professional printers and pocket the profits—when there are any—and if there are not there is no more work for the etcher. The artist lithographer makes a water color or oil painting and the professional lithographer makes what he likes out of it. And the artist makes a row, but he can't do the work.

We think we lead the world in illustration and engraving. We did twenty-five years ago, now we are absolutely out of it. Our conceit is only equalled by our ignorance, and if we try to imitate European methods we only imitate the printed results and ignore, and are ignorant of, the means by which those results were obtained. We are as unprepared, as unready, in art as we were in war, yet war will cease one day and peace will break out again—but art will never cease, only we will find ourselves entirely out of the art of the world when war is over, *unless we change our methods.*

Yet never was there such a chance as there is today for the American illustrator and engraver, never before did the Government patronize art as it is doing today, and the artists have responded nobly and patriotically and given their best to their country. But, alas, when the best was wanted it was found that the artists mostly were totally ignorant, owing to the want of technical schools, of any practical knowledge of illustration, engraving and printing. Recently, hundreds of designs were submitted to the Government—to a National Committee of Artists—and out of the whole number only apparently three or four men knew how to make a poster that could be printed straight away from their designs, and also possessed artistic merit.

Though our teaching, or pretended teaching, is a disgrace and a scandal it is a still greater disgrace and a scandal that our illustrators and engravers take no interest whatever in the technical side of their work—that they make either a good drawing or a bad painting and take no further thought in the matter save in cashing their check, though I hasten to say that this Government work was done without any pecuniary reward whatever—as a free gift to the Nation. Had some of the artists, however,

who did the last Liberty Loan posters known anything about lithography and engraving, had they been properly taught, the works would not have been the pitiful exhibition of incompetence most of them were or a mere travesty of the originals. But the artists, as a rule, take no interest in the technical side of their art, and consequently the engravers and printers take no interest in the artists, and the result is the rot around us. There never was such an opportunity to do good work—there are said to be 34,311 artists and designers in the country and there are not 34 who are capable of making a poster which will appeal to the country and will print from their own designs, and we are, I am informed, squandering \$12,000,000 a year on Art Education. If this is not one of the worst examples of graft in the country what is it?

We have even had to go abroad for designs, and the few men here who know anything about the technique of their art mostly learned it abroad—had enough interest in it to go abroad to learn it—for nothing is to be learned here in the schools as the walls and the bill boards during the last six months have mostly proved. We must have, and have at once, technical art schools, as they have all over Europe, where technique alone should be taught to students who know enough of art, and care enough for technique, to take advantage of them, by teachers who know enough technically to teach. Today when the Government wants artists there are but a hand full out of the 34,000 able to aid their country in a practical manner at a critical time. We know all about the history of art, and oil painting and murals, but we don't know how to make a poster that will print, yet the Government admits the power of art. The Third Liberty Loan posters are out and withdrawn, the Loan is obtained, and art had a part in getting it. Three or four were good, but as for the rest—! And here is the Government crying for good work, and the artists chock full of ideas, and devoid of *craftsmanship* cannot give it to them. Whose fault! the method of teaching. In the hour of need when the Government has asked for help the artists are helpless.

Letters and inquiries reach me from men and women wanting to know if they can

do anything for the government. Of course they can, women can do many things as well as men—if they have the ability—and the training. But now the Overseas Officers Selection Committee can scarce find a dozen men in the whole United States properly trained to record the art and the history of the war. In fact, there is but one art properly taught in the United States, the art of architecture, though some of the minor crafts are too. Fancy an architectural student being taught to draw and paint only—given a few lectures on the history of art and perspective—and then turned loose to put up a building. But this is all the would-be illustrator, engraver, lithographer is taught, and the poor be-medalled prize student fails utterly—when his country needs him or her.

What is to be done? The Government must be induced to establish a training school for craftsmen—and as soon as possible—just as Great Britain has its training school—the Royal College of Art—while London itself has the County Council School—or rather two of them—and the printers have another, the St. Brides Institute for Printers. In Paris there is the Ecole du Livre, and the most completely equipped and best arranged (there is no use denying it), is the Graphic Art School at Leipsig. We must have such a school or fail to produce good work, now, if we mean to go on as artists. And then there is the question of teachers—where are we to get them? There are enough trained artists fortunately in the country to teach, and if it was made worth their while, if they were given an official position, official recognition and sufficient remuneration for a portion of their time, and their invaluable and indispensable services, they would come to the aid of the country and its art, as they have done with their work, and our artistic reputation might be saved, and we might really take our place in the art of the world. But if this is not done, and done now, we must perish as an artistic nation. Already we are on the verge of extinction.

The Provincetown Art Association announces its Fourth Annual Exhibition of oil paintings, water colors, to be held from July 17th to August 31st.



SELF PORTRAIT
BY
HARRIET BLACKSTONE



STUDIO OF HARRIET BLACKSTONE

HARRIET BLACKSTONE

BY F. L. H. P.

IT is with some hesitancy that I undertake to write of a painter who is in the hey-day of life, one so very much alive and growing with such leaps and bounds that it is difficult to keep up with her. But the subject of this paper has certain very strong tendencies which are peculiarly her own and always will be, and she has already produced work of such distinguished character that there is no question but that it belongs to all time. It is, therefore, interesting to study such a person even in the transient stages of development.

Harriet Blackstone is a native of New York state. Just at the time that she was ready to seriously study art her parents moved to the middle west, where the facilities for such study were comparatively limited. A few years later she returned

to the east and devoted herself to the study of art, making New York city her headquarters.

Later she went back to the west, executed a few commissions, and then continued her studies abroad, for a year or more maintaining a studio in Paris. In both New York and Paris, Miss Blackstone worked with the usual corps of instructors. Possibly she valued most in New York the criticism of Mr. William M. Chase with whom she long kept up her friendship, and while in Paris, Jean Paul Laurens was a favorite master.

About twelve years ago, Miss Blackstone built a bungalow home in Glencoe, on Lake Michigan, just north of Chicago. To the rear of this she later erected a very charming studio, surrounded by trees and



HUSE DUNHAM

HARRIET BLACKSTONE

shrubs. Here Miss Blackstone is at home on Sunday afternoons, and here one meets many distinguished and interesting people, not alone artists, but lovers of art, musicians, writers who find the atmosphere of these famous studio teas congenial. About the hospitable fire on the great open hearth many a delightful yarn is spun.

Miss Blackstone feels sometimes that she lives too much apart, too far from an art center to do satisfactory work, her best work, and I have often heard her say that

she actually suffers from working alone inasmuch as she has no one painting near her to whom she can go for criticism, so that she is often in doubt about her work. Granted, it is difficult for an artist to work alone, entirely apart from those who are doing a similar work, at the same time no truly great work is accomplished without suffering, and, for the most part, alone. If the painter has anything worth saying, if he has a message of his own, how much more interesting for the world to have it



HARRIET LEONARD

HARRIET BLACKSTONE



JAPANESE PRINTS

HARRIET BLACKSTONE

in his own language, an expression of himself—provided always that he has something to express, something worth saying.

It is all very well and doubtless helpful to receive intelligent criticism from one who understands, provided the person

criticised has two good legs to stand on and backbone enough to take what he knows will help and at the same time not be influenced too much by advice contrary to his own best judgment. Always provided, too, that he is strong enough to



THE ARTIST'S MOTHER

HARRIET BLACKSTONE



MR. AND MRS. B. G. P.

HARRIET BLACKSTONE

maintain his own individuality and not waver and finally adopt the style of the other painter or critic, a habit so easily fallen into. A good, broad-minded critic is not easily found. No two people, not even true artists, see things at exactly the same angle. Where we find groups of painters working together it is sometimes difficult, if not quite impossible for the

average beholder to tell whose work is before him.

This seems to me one reason why Miss Blackstone's work is so fresh and interesting. She works alone, she is of no one's school, consequently she is not hampered by the traditions or tendencies which adhere to any group of painters. However, Miss Blackstone never loses a



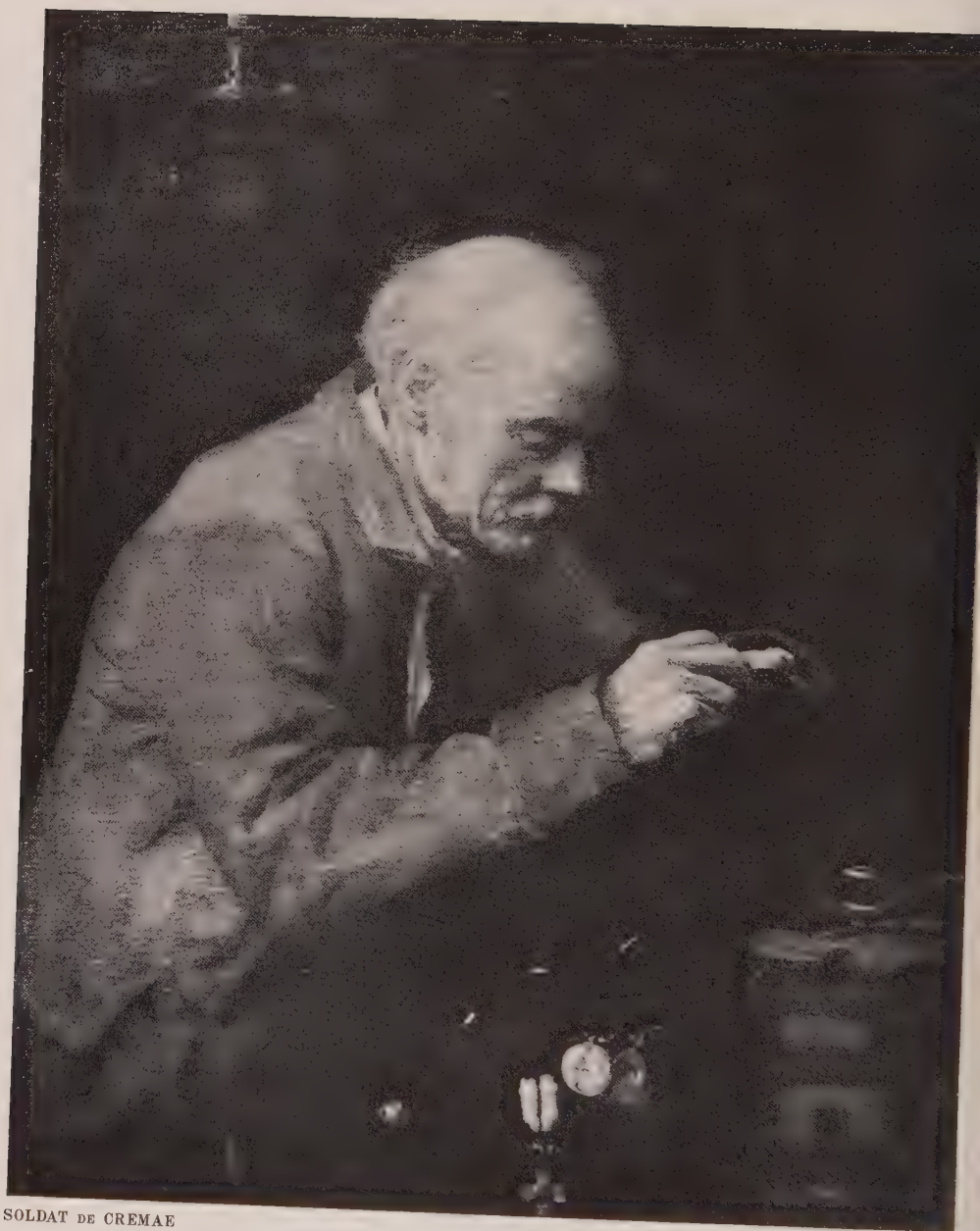
JUDGE TRUESDALE AND GRANDCHILDREN

HARRIET BLACKSTONE

opportunity to call upon the distinguished painter who chances to be in her vicinity, not alone to study his work, but to have him see hers, and if possible receive criticism from him—not to copy his style, but to learn wherein she can strengthen and improve her own.

At the same time, Miss Blackstone depends largely upon the Old Masters for

instructions. She has visited and copied in most of the great galleries of the old world, and many of these copies she keeps in her studio as an inspiration, something to work up to. For this purpose she has copied Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Velasquez, Whistler, Reynolds and others. Then, too, her studio has a large and very choice library of art books, as well as a rare col-



SOLDAT DE CREMAE

HARRIET BLACKSTONE

lection of colored prints which she has collected from time to time abroad. These are her most constant companions, and it is to them that she most frequently turns for help.

The illustrations accompanying this article are chosen to show the versatility

of the painter, for Miss Blackstone has endeavored to avoid specializing in any one branch of her art.

The full-length life size portrait of her mother was painted before she had studied abroad. And yet a close comparison of this most striking picture with her more

recent work will show how little her individuality has been influenced by her masters. The slight, almost trembling form of the little New England type of mother, interpreted in black and white and gray, is most characteristic, both of the subject and of the painter's work.

"Japanese Prints," now in a permanent collection in Vincennes, Ind., and the "Soldat de Cremae" were both pointed in the Paris studio. The "Soldat de Cremae" was at once accepted for the Salon of 1906, and is well known to all art lovers and frequenters of exhibitions, for it has been widely shown. It is an extremely fine head.

Miss Blackstone has been very happy, too, in catching and portraying the spirit of youth. She does not pose her subjects, but watches and studies them, usually in their own home surroundings. She works very rapidly. There is many an excellent sketch to her credit made at a two hours' sitting and never touched again. It is a favorite method of hers to make two, three or more sketches, of a sitting each and then finish up the one which she believes best represents the personality of the sitter.

The picture of Huse Dunham, here reproduced, was painted in this way. It unquestionably represents youth and life and energy and manliness, while the portrait of the little girl, Harriet Leonard, has the modesty and almost shyness of this age of little girlhood.

Perhaps as satisfactory and characteristic as anything Miss Blackstone has done is the portrait of herself, in painting smock, painted within the past two or three years. It is simple, strong and direct, well conceived and finely executed. The painter had no one in this instance to please but herself, consequently there is freedom of expression and a sureness of touch which are peculiarly individual. It is a small canvas, less than two feet either way, but the feeling of wonder and anticipation in the expression, the uplift of the head, the searching eye are all most characteristic and truly represent the personality of the painter.

Because of physical limitations, Miss Blackstone early learned to distinguish between essentials and non-essentials, between things that count and the things

that are merely superficial. She has always recognized greatness when she saw it, whether in nature or man, and is ever humble before it. This great principle she has carried to a remarkable degree into her painting. She is not hampered by seeing things in too great detail. Consequently her canvases are distinguished and have "quality."

Miss Blackstone has been particularly successful, too, in her handling of groups. A very wonderful group is of the six children of Mr. George A. Thorne, of Winnetka, a very large canvas which was painted to fill a particular space at the end of the living room of the Thorne home. The children are seated or standing about the large living room table, the littlest fellow being seated upon the table. Another particularly successful group is of an old gentleman seated, with two little grandchildren beside him. Still another group is of a man and a woman, a particularly difficult problem, but most admirably handled. The color is restrained and the figures sit well back from the beholder, and there is a certain reserve which is so characteristic of her work.

Miss Blackstone is a member of the International Society of Arts and Letters, Paris; American Women's Art Association of Paris; Chicago Society of Artists; Municipal Art League of Chicago; Artists' Guild; Arts Club; Little Room and Cordon, all of Chicago, and many smaller organizations.

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An exhibition of paintings and embroideries by Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Armfield was held in the Museum of History, Science and Art, Exposition Park, Los Angeles, during the month of June.

During the month of May in these same galleries was exhibited a group of paintings made in California during the past winter by Clara Fairfield Perry (Mrs. Walter Scott Perry), of Brooklyn. The same collection was later shown in the Palace of Fine Arts, San Francisco, at the invitation of Mr. Nilsen Laurvik and is now, it is understood, at the Leland Stanford University in the Art Gallery.

Other paintings by Mrs. Perry, made at Mt. Ranier and in the Yosemite have been on exhibition at Seattle.



PORTRAIT

BY

ANNA COLEMAN LADD

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STUDY

BY

ANNA COLEMAN LADD

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THE CHILDREN'S ART CENTER BUILDING

THE CHILDREN'S ART CENTER

BY MURIEL CASWALL

IT is significant that, with the new impetus which the war has given to child welfare work, the aesthetic side of juvenile development is not going to be forgotten. For upon the very young lies at least a large part of the responsibility to keep the beacon of art brightly burning through these dark days.

The Children's Art Center, which was formally opened on May 2d in Boston, is the realization of an ideal conceived five years ago by Mr. Fitzroy Carrington, Curator of Prints at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. It is also, we hope, to be the beginning of a national movement for such art centers for young folk. Already Mr. Carrington has received many inquiries from other cities regarding his project, and interest is becoming widespread.

The element of enthusiasm necessary to the successful completion of any enter-

prise was supplied in this case as much by the children themselves as by Mr. Carrington. In fact, it was the children's eagerness in a small print exhibit made at the Fine Arts Museum in 1913 which called into being the Children's Art Center idea. This popular collection of prints was chosen by a committee of ten children who examined quite a number of the pictures, putting aside over a hundred of their unanimous choice to be exhibited. This little exhibit proved so popular that after its close some of the prints were sent in turn to certain social settlement houses for the benefit of the children in their neighborhood. Some of these houses found it difficult to part with them when the time came to pass them on. One of the workers at the Boston Social Union made this succinct remark to Mr. Carrington in reporting the success of the venture there: "If the



INTERIOR—THE CHILDREN'S ART CENTER SHOWING INITIAL EXHIBIT

children learn to appreciate beautiful things, we shall have fewer of the so-called 'hoodlums' of sixteen to nineteen years of age."

This, in short, is the mission of the Children's Art Center. It is to reach the classes of children that are growing up in an environment in which art is not reckoned as a factor of any importance.

Several things were brought to light by these little print excursions. First, the knowledge that collections of prints could be made and sent out at a very small cost; second, other cities than Boston were beginning to show an interest in print exhibits for children; and third, facilities were lacking at the Arts Museum for showing such exhibits to interested social settlement workers as well as the numbers of children likely to attend.

At this point the question naturally arose: "Why not erect a small building within easy reach of a number of settlement houses where exhibits of prints, pottery, textiles, bronzes, etc., might be shown, and from which loans could be made?"

It was a courageous question to ask, with a World War in progress, and though Mr. Carrington succeeded in interesting several kindred spirits in the project, it was found that the only resources then at hand for carrying it through were "a good idea and a trust in God."

These it seems, proved sufficient, for they attracted further attention, and finally visible appreciation in the form of financial assistance. Upon one June day in 1917 work on the little building commenced. Every conceivable delay, mercurial prices of building materials, and other discouragements threatened the work, but resolutely it went forward, and in time the boys from the Wentworth Institute (for manual arts) came and put on the finishing touches—the long, hand-wrought hinges to the five tall glass doors, two little brick drinking fountains—one in the north wall of the museum, the other in the formal garden at the side of the museum, and the ten-foot brick wall enclosing the Art Center.

Standing upon the brick steps leading directly from the gate in the brick wall into the sunken garden (where the children

are now raising little plots of vegetables—one is charmed by the juvenile atmosphere that pervades the whole place. The low building with its hospitable row of doors recalls the Plazzo Publico of Venice on an appropriately small scale. Between the arches and the long straight cornice are four round niches from whence peek the charming faces of Della Robbia children—not originals, of course, but very cleverly made little cement busts, water-proofed with a wash that gives them an antique mellowness.

The museum comprises a single rectangular room. The groined ceiling was made with a view to future uses to which the museum may be put in the way of concerts, theatricals, etc., when the building will be used as the stage, and the audience will be placed in the sunken garden. In the basement is a fire-proof storage room and the heating plant.

As to the exhibits, since the space for display is quite limited, the policy will be followed of using all the available space for one or two specific sets of treasures at a time. The exhibits of plastic art and prints now in display will very soon give place to a different set—perhaps textiles or pottery, depending upon the sort of articles which can be brought together meantime. As the project grows—and it surely must—the sets of permanent exhibits that will be accumulated will be loaned to other art centers which, if not yet actually in existence, are certainly "in the air" in other cities, and are ready to spring into being as quickly as public sentiment permits.

The pictures and objects of plastic art are all such as carry a special appeal to children. There is nothing too sedate or too suggestive of lessons to be learned or morals to be drawn. Each piece shows a phase of the art of ideal childhood. The children will be influenced unconsciously if not consciously fascinated.

Upon the north wall now hang seven wood-carvings printed in colors by Edmund Evans of Ralph Caldecott's illustrations to Oliver Goldsmith's classic "Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog." A bronze fountain by Paulanship occupies the central part of the wall. On the long west wall at present hang six original drawings by



ANOTHER VIEW OF INTERIOR THE CHILDREN'S ART CENTER

Peter Newell with verses in his own autograph, five drawings by Maxfield Parrish—the original illustrations for “The Golden Age” by Kenneth Graham. These eleven drawings were loaned to the museum for this exhibit. A group of Medici prints—the property of the Museum—occupy the middle of the wall, and like all the pictures shown, are hung at such a height as will permit of their being seen to the best advantage by the average child of seven to thirteen years of age. These Medici prints are mounted upon thick boards and varnished. Dust can be wiped off their surface, but the surface remains dull. No glass is used, and in consequence there are no reflections and any picture can be viewed from any angle. Further along the wall is a group of twelve illustrations, in color (reproductions), by Edmond Dulac, for “The Arabian Nights,” and a group of reproductions of Indian paintings of the sixteenth-eighteenth century, also loaned. Upon the south wall hang eight reproductions of Japanese water colors. In the center is an ideal head of marble—

“Dawn,” by Chester Beach—a gift to the Center, and above it is an original drawing of a little child by Mary Cassatt in her happiest vein.

The west side of the building is taken up by the five large double windows, all of which open outward. In the second and fourth windows are cases, glazed upon both sides, in which are shown Chinese porcelains, small marble and bronze statuettes and three sketches in terra cotta for a fountain—all of the latter by Chester Beach. The central window is made beautiful with a stained glass panel by Charles J. Connick of Boston, a portion of his Holy Grail window from Princeton lent by the artist, and three panels by Gustave Recke of New York.

Upon a pedestal in the center of the little museum stands a statuette in bronze—“The Greek Cup,” by F. Tolles Chamberlain, lent for the exhibit. Upon a table to the north are shown a performing seal, a bear, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus in glazed pottery, and a bronze elephant. Upon a corresponding table to the south, there is

a group of bronzes by Chester Beach, Paul Manship, Frederick G. R. Roth, and Bessie Potter Vonnob. Ceramics and bronzes are attached, for safety's sake, to the tables, but are not shown under glass since the juvenile visitors realize that if one would thoroughly enjoy plastic art, the sense of touch is as essential and more sensitive than the sense of sight.

That the children of Boston appreciate this little Art Center is shown by the fact that in the first week over three hundred of them visited the little building, some of them making several visits a day. There were as many as eighty visitors on one day. At present the little folk are left to roam freely over the building and grounds

without special supervision or direction from an older person. Later it is hoped the children will wish to know something more of the art treasures than what can be learned through the senses of feeling and sight. There will be a sympathetic person on hand when they ask questions and later there will be poems read to them if they wish to listen, and pencils and paper will be supplied if they wish to sketch.

Mr. Carrington is to be congratulated upon the happy fruition of an enterprise which will doubtless have a far-reaching influence upon the lives of Boston young folk, and in time the children of other cities and states, and perhaps of other countries.

MOBILIZING THE ART INDUSTRIES*

BY RICHARD F. BACH

Columbia University

IT has taken us a long time to find out that when the nation goes to war, the industrial arts perforce go with it. We have gone into European battlefields in the cause of democracy, while at home in the industrial arts at least we have allowed our development in the last quarter century to become almost ruthlessly autocratic. We have construed democracy to imply the extending of the greatest attainable benefits to all equally. Yet we all know that it is nothing short of the truth to say that in the industrial arts field, notably in those contributing to home furnishings, the greatest benefits are held at the call of the greatest purses. For in the industrial arts, the real benefit, after primary utility has been satisfied, is the factor of satisfaction and mental improvement growing out of good design. I can say without scruple that good design is no more expensive than bad design, and that if good designs are not available for the man in the street the system which produces these designs must be undemocratic and therefore wrong.

In view of this major premise it is obvious

that the matter of mobilizing the industrial arts takes on a much larger significance, for it implies not only that the fabric of production (and under this head we include the agencies of distribution), must be brought to the pitch of highest service under present exigencies, but that the fundamental structure of both producing and distributing factors requires revision. Mobilization implies the achievement of productive efficiency on the basis of maximum effort and maximum performance, with minimum outlay and minimum waste. Mobilization requires every force and quality which can be brought to bear toward a service ideal. This service ideal the industrial art field in America has made practically no effort to attain.

It may be a startling assertion to make that the machine is undoubtedly the greatest single advantage and aid that has ever been offered to civilization so far as the industrial arts are concerned. If the machine is to be ruled out as an agent of productive craftsmanship, it is only fair to say that mallet and chisel must also be laid aside. The dif-

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ference is in degree only. The machine makes possible unlimited production. Its application is subject only to the ingenuity of the brain, and properly used, it reduces the cost of a good thing sufficiently to make it possible to carry that good thing to the remotest regions. If there is anything wrong with machine manufacture of industrial art objects, it is not the fault of the machine; for this cannot do its own thinking. If the machine has not served us well it is because we have projected into the cold and only mechanically responsive lathe and loom those qualities of animation and imagination which the human brain alone can contribute. The machine has never been more than the apotheosis of mere mechanical execution, a glorified tool which may be made practically automatic, but whose finely articulated emotions are not to be confused with the activity of the human brain.

When the machine first proved its worth as an agent of production, with characteristic human frailty we leaned upon it too heavily, marveled at the wonderful things it could do and all but forgot that before the fine loom with its intricate Jacquard attachment could perform its office, a design had first to be made. We became so enamored of the process of production that the more important factors of design and finish were obliged to yield place. Every improvement in the machinery of manufacture has pushed craftsmanship further into the background, has exalted the machine operative and has almost eliminated manual industrial art production because of the reduction in price made possible by mechanical execution. It is high time that these conditions were modified. I shall be the last to advise the elimination of the machine in this process. I shall be the first to advise that with the machine as one of the agencies of production, excellent design and ultimate finish of industrial art objects be once more made the more important considerations.

Craftsmanship can never again mean what the word implied before the nineteenth century. The reasons are obvious. The commercial value of the machine is one reason. Democracy is another.

If all products were handmade, could we all afford them? Yet, does not the poor-

est among us feel assured that he is entitled to these products? There is no other way of bringing together the average home and its furnishings than through the machine. It becomes our task, therefore, to give the machine its proper place and to revise our standards of craftsmanship in such manner that the craftsmanship of design will provide for the imagination, the machine for the mechanical execution, and the human hand for the craftsmanship of manual revision of machine made products.

Thus we will harness the machine to the mind, not the hand to the machine. Unfortunately, the latter condition still holds true, and as long as this is the case the industrial arts cannot realize a service ideal, for they will be controlled by those conditions which now exist and which are the direct result of the misuse or abuse of the machine. The proper coordination of machine processes with effective design and a craftsman revision of the finished product must be the first step in mobilizing industrial arts.

This will not mean the elimination of the craftsman who does all of his work without the aid of the machine. Of craftsmen in this sense we shall never have enough, and we need large numbers of them in all branches, for they give tone to American design. But that which will assure the future of industrial art in America is not only craftsman execution, but the craftsman attitude of mind toward all of our facilities, design, materials, *and tools*, and these tools include the most complex machine that can possibly be devised. We must bear in mind that a time saver is a money saver, and if the money so saved is used only in part for a manual revision of the mechanically executed object, the general gain in the long run surely will be a positive achievement.

Not so long ago there were made in the Middle West 20,000 chairs of a single design. Obviously, without the machine they could not have been executed. A regiment of hand craftsmen would have been needed to make them, and that only at a price in time and money that would have made the undertaking impossible, and all of this apart from the fact that it would probably have been impossible to find the requisite number of craftsmen willing to work on the same design in so many repetitions. When

we are told that 20,000 chairs were made from one design, our first feeling is one of horror, for we assume that they must have been of execrable conception. Fortunately for my own peace of mind, I do not know what their design was, but this does not reduce the value of the example. Assuming this to be the industrial art province in Utopia, we may also assume that the original pattern for the 20,000 chairs was good. We have, therefore, the possibility of disseminating a good design in 20,000 places, while under ordinary conditions of purely manual craftsmanship there might have been no more than a dozen chairs of that kind. The efficacy of the machine need, therefore, not be emphasized. If the original design for those 20,000 chairs was bad, then assuredly a crime against the public morals was committed in selling them. And in that case, the machine was assuredly misused, but by the same token, it was not an accomplice in the crime any more than the dagger in the hand of an assassin.

It is only because the industrial arts have not hitherto taken their proper place in the scale of American life that now in war-times certain of them have been classed by the national government as non-essentials. Manufacturers have not been able to prove to the government that anything which makes for mental equilibrium in time of peace must likewise be an asset in time of war.

The industrial arts have been in our national life only so many lines of manufacture. They have not demonstrated that they are constituted on the basis of that same fine fiber of imagination upon whose maintenance national progress depends, whose vitality actuates our growth. Furthermore, they have not been able to make this felt in such manner as to impress upon the government, and the people as well, the fact that if their course is now interrupted an economic disadvantage after the war would result, and the nation would be deprived of at least this exemplification of its aesthetic or spiritual side.

But reliance upon the machine has brought other difficulties. One of these consists in the present character of the agencies of distribution, by which I mean the methods of bringing furniture and

other industrial art products to the people. The rapidity of turning over raw material into finished articles that bring a quick cash return has enticed manufacturers and their abettors, the dealers, into making supreme efforts to catch the public eye by novelties, and the public purse by low prices and exuberant carvings, colorings, and the like. Those from whom we buy are not our arbiters of taste. Unless we have something special made we can buy only what they have to sell. If we should walk a few yards of curtain goods at a certain very modest price to hang at the window of a skilled mechanic's flat, we should have the greatest difficulty in obtaining a simple yet not tawdry design. If this same mechanic is to repaper his rooms he can select only from the landlord's book of patterns, which is an inspiring text book of what wall-paper ought not to be. Such instances are too patent wherever we turn.

These things are furnished on the basis of the customary misstatement that they are "what the people want." May I suggest the revision that they are what the people can get? By providing such things as part of a consistent policy, distributing agencies, dealers, and others in the same field are to all intents and purposes conspiring, however unconsciously, to keep public taste at a low level. The manufacturer and dealer cannot wait for the people to say what they want; their taste must be better than the public's and they must anticipate its wants.

To be sure, the general standard of taste in this country, so far as the industrial arts are concerned, is nothing whatever to boast of. Fifth Avenue is not a criterion by which to judge America. The real average would be nearer the other side of town.

But is it not the manufacturer's province to make well-designed things? Assuredly it is, but very few manufacturers sell to the people. They sell to the middlemen, and the middleman's standard of appreciation, based on contour, color and style, is a very poor thing compared to his standard as represented by the cost of the article and the mark on the price tag when it is sold. Dealers and distributors generally have not insisted upon quality of design. Quality of execution, workmanship, materials, they know

How to gauge, for these are dispensed on a sell-by-weight standard, but that indefinable quality of taste they cannot gauge, and so but few of their number know how to buy and sell in terms of taste.

The manufacturers then can provide only what these distributors will sell, and in fairness to the latter it should be said that it will require some courage, not to mention some knowledge, on their part to convince their patrons, the purchasing public, that the better thing is not necessarily the more expensive thing or the more elaborate thing.

In the reaching for novelty, the manufacturers have established an unsavory system of competition, and at present a new "line" of designs is brought out each year. In certain fields, two new lines are issued annually. For commercial reasons, the lines must differ radically in order to command attention. Short-sighted business does not see that the more often you call a person's attention to inferior things the less attention you will get each time. Arbitrary concoction of styles in furniture and furnishings twice a year is one of the most wasteful procedures as to time, talent, materials and money that can be found anywhere in the American manufacturing world.

Two new lines each year signify nothing less than two backward steps each year. Out of such processes, we cannot achieve a steady historic growth which will merit the stamp "American."

In the abuse of the machine, in the manufacturing and distributing processes and methods which an inadequate understanding of the machine's scope has brought into existence, we have run the gamut of historic styles of design to a point of nausea. A score of styles with whose invention we had nothing to do, styles representing civilizations, systems of government, communities, people long dead, have been made to do duty in a twentieth century of subways, aeroplanes, and self-starting automobiles. Let us say the first series of repetitions of past styles takes about twenty-five years. The second series will surely last but ten, for we shall know them too well by then. The third repetition may last but three seasons, the fourth will be a pandemonium. I must confess that in the

resurrection of dead styles in the manufacture of "periods" which their alleged inventors never knew, in the arbitrary cataloging of style ear marks,—Louis XVI fluted legs of chairs, Adam compo ornament on ceilings, and what not else of the familiar gim-crack of styles made for the exalted few of another day,—I can see but little hope for an American mode of expression. In this whole proceeding the machine has been abused. It has been made the agent for spreading upon the land a myriad of inferior objects which have not even the merit of having been copied.

This then points another solution for our present difficulty, namely, to approximate the service ideal by the reduction of waste in materials, waste in time and money, waste motion in distributing furniture and furnishings, in terms of present national requirements. One good "line" of design a year is worth more than two mediocre ones, and a steady improvement along certain well-established lines from year to year will be the greatest force for American education in this direction that has ever been set in motion. It is beyond question the duty of the manufacturers and distributors to combine in order to accomplish the elimination of the present enormous waste of materials due to the carrying in their stock of large numbers of inferior pieces. I can mention, for instance, a single concern which carries about 7,000 designs of furniture in its regular stock. Only 4,400 of these are on what is called the "active list," namely, items regularly in demand. Of the other 2,600 a few no doubt would have to be carried for occasional demand. The remainder represent what the designer calls "the gallery of forlorn hopes." They were made in response to present conditions which demanded two new lines of design each year. They did not "take," and so they are put down on the debit list as someone's error in judging the market. Is it logical to assume that there can be a semi-annual market in the fine arts? Is there anything constructive in the wilful "creation" of designs at such short intervals, when there is a premium on being "different," and when all agencies concerned (except the public, of course), consider each line of designs a gamble? At least under war conditions, I cannot see

Americanism in this procedure. I can only see waste and an economic whirlpool ahead. In all fields, American life has accorded itself with the needs of the moment, while at the same time trying to maintain the integrity of its fabric for the time after the job over there shall have been finished. But in the progress of America toward the democratic goal, the industrial arts agencies of manufacture and distribution are now sadly out of tune. This is not only a question of bonds and thrift stamps; these mean cash. The grim reality of war makes us take count of our faculties so that each may realize its greatest potential energy, and in the industrial arts this energy means action!

When the declaration of April, 1917 made us a party to the ideals to be maintained by the crushing of militarism, we had to face the world, so far as our industrial arts are concerned, with nothing but our machines and our bare hands. We found that our designers were chiefly European trained. We found that we had no schools to train Americans to take their places. We found that without the antiques from abroad, it seemed almost impossible to maintain a standard of design in the products we turned out. So long have we been satisfied with the "good-enough," with "that-will-do-for now," that we have never looked ahead to that time when we should have to be self-sufficient. That is where we find ourselves now, still groveling under the curse of the average. The greatest industrial nation without an industrial art!

Herein lies the real difficulty, namely, to adjust our minds to the conviction which makes for the production of the very best on the basis of the finest facilities and equipment that can possibly be obtained. If we accept the theory that there is nothing too good for us we will soon have an industrial art which we can gladly call our own. But, so that we may find out what is good, the industrial arts must be mobilized and placed on a war footing. Now is the time.

One suggestion has already been made in this direction, namely, that affecting the manufacturers and distributors. The second main line must be a campaign of education. Not a single great thing has been done to en-

list public understanding and help without a campaign of education. Americans were not accustomed to buying government bonds and saving quarters, but a nationwide campaign, figured on the basis of both crowd and individual psychology, has educated us to a real appreciation and interest in the work of the nation. Publicity has helped. So it is in the industrial arts. The saving of so many dollars, by reducing overproduction and cutting down "markets" and "lines", are all of insignificant proportion compared with the great benefits to be gained from a general elevation of public taste. By maintaining a steady development of excellent design and execution, manufacturers and distributors can largely contribute, but the campaign of education is for the public at large and for designers in particular. To accomplish this there are needed several kinds of agencies of instruction. The effect of some of these will be immediate. The value of others will be seen only in the work of years. To begin with, we need schools, schools, always schools. There can not be too many. We need schools that teach design for a purpose and execute that purpose in material form. I visualize an ideal time when every city of 50,000 shall have an industrial art school teaching the artistic treatment of the materials and type of skill found in its immediate vicinity: a school of furniture design in Grand Rapids, a school of lace design in Philadelphia, a school of pottery design in Trenton; these are but suggestions. But let us not wait for state subsidy. A young republic seems to be too busy with other things to provide money for these purposes out of the public treasury. Aldermen, assemblymen, congressmen may be politically exalted, but in their appreciation of the industrial arts they are but part of the public. The real support must come from those who are in authority in the educational systems of our great cities, and the backbone of the educational undertaking must be a subsidy from those agencies which profit from the industrial arts directly, namely, the producing and distributing agencies. In these days of billions, it should be a small matter to provide an appropriation of half a million dollars to found a worth while school, let us say one thousand dollars apiece from 500 manufacturers. This is where the real sup-

port must be found; in this manufacturers and distributors will fulfill their responsibilities to the American people, and surely they owe us some return for their abuse of the machine these many years. This is said in a kindly spirit, for I know too many of them. I know them to be earnest men of energy and ideals. But they have not seen as yet which way their duty lies. I know that our great universities will welcome open-armed the establishment of such schools. In our large cities there are unlimited facilities for their development. Teachers can surely be obtained. It is our patriotic duty to establish such schools during the war.

But there are more immediate aids in the mobilization process. We need industrial art museums. To be sure, these cannot be made overnight. But our great collections can be utilized from the practical point of view. It should be the most urgent undertaking of every museum containing furniture, textiles, or any other objects which could serve as examples, to make these directly available through the establishment of a bureau of industrial art by giving instruction, not as something handed down from above, as it were, in "high-brow" fashion, but by meeting manufacturers and designers halfway, the latter offering the materials and means of execution, the museum offering the model and the inspirational help. Only in this way can museums escape the usual criticism that they are but fossil collections. Let each museum establish a clearing house for information on design and styles. Let there be frequent exhibitions of the best in *current* American industrial art. Let there be exhibits showing, by comparison, let us say what the laborer usually places in his flat, and what in terms of good design he could place there at no greater outlay of cash. The museums have one of the finest opportunities that has ever been offered to a public institution to render public service in this respect, and, this extension of their present scope will involve but a small item of expenditure.

Then there are the stores and factories. In both of these, great efforts have already been put forth for the welfare of their employees and for continuing their education. In many places salesmanship

is taught. But in how many factories do the machine operatives have an opportunity to learn that the product of the intricate mechanism which their own hands control began in the suggestion of someone's brain? Machine operatives have been debased to a grade less than that of a skilled mechanic. The machine operative is so engrossed in harnessing up his thread pulling attachment that he loses sight altogether of the value of the executed design. There is much to be done here, and there is much to be done in the department store and in stores devoted to individual types of articles. In how many furniture departments can we find salespersons who are able to distinguish between good and bad design. So long as a thing is Heppelwhite or Queen Anne their curiosity is satisfied. Their history may help them out, but failing this they would hardly know why Queen Anne had a style of her own, and whether she was the wife of Edward VII or Richard the Lion-Hearted. In the factories and in the stores the manufacturers and distributors also have splendid opportunities for increasing the standard of American taste, and this again at a minimum outlay. The department stores above all have a special task before them in this particular field because they sell articles of a number of different kinds which, when coordinated, provide a complete interior, so that their employees in all departments need to know more than the character of the objects they themselves sell, namely, something of the relation of various types of pieces to one another.

In all of these solutions are indicated ways of mobilizing, of Americanizing the industrial arts. Only by taking advantage of such opportunities can the possibilities of American design be realized. In industrial art, mobilization means not only assistance during the war but preparedness for reconstruction after the war. A campaign of education will meet this end, but it must be begun at once. All of us are talking about it. Manufacturers, dealers, designers, writers, teachers have urged it. Of this long list, only two have the funds to put it through, if it is to take the form of a great school. Let the manufacturers and dealers come forward, perhaps in groups in their respective branches, let them realize

that good design will bring them greater cash returns, that schools of industrial art are an investment. American taste is advancing. American taste *will* advance constantly, and it will be an evil day for manufacturers and dealers after the war if American taste must again go to Europe for its industrial art products. For the industrial arts, the war after the war that has so often been mentioned will soon become a reality. The great nations of Europe are aware of its significance. Everywhere war cripples are being taught craftsmanship of various kinds. France has filled her schools of industrial art with girls so that the creative fiber of the nation will be kept intact. Under the direction of the English government German methods of production are being studied, so that these may be taken advantage of while

English character is maintained. Recent numbers of an English textile periodical are filled with illustrations of German industrial schools. Do you suppose that inside the iron ring which now encircles her Germany has been idle? Let us learn from the enemy.

At the beginning our cry was "Wake Up America." Now from Europe comes the cry, "Speed Up, America." But in the industrial arts we must consider not only the service now but also the mental equilibrium of the country afterward; so in the industrial arts we must not only *wake up* and *speed up*, we must also *build up*. Propagation of industrial art for the increase of public taste, toward the establishment of Americanism in design is a war emergency.

MUSIC IN THE ART MUSEUM

THE Cleveland Museum of Art has initiated a new movement by including the art of music in its field of activity.

The initial step was taken last season when a concert was given in the Museum by the Philharmonic Orchestra of New York. This was followed by a visit of Thomas Whitney Surette, who talked at the Museum on "Music as a Social Force" and was immediately secured as the guide under whose direction the somewhat indefinite plans then taking shape should be matured. The coming year Mr. Surette will give half of his time to the Cleveland Museum. It is purposed to install an organ in the auditorium of the Museum and to acquire a fine small grand piano.

The further plans are set forth in a little article by Mr. Surette published under the title of "Music in the Art Museum" in the *Bulletin* of that Institution and herewith reprinted by permission.

The Cleveland Art Museum is not different, save in external aspect, from any other art museum in any other part of the country and what is applicable to it is likewise applicable to other similar institutions.

OUR recognition of the value of music as a means of educating and uplifting human beings has been slow. We have thought of it as a diversion, or as a higher kind of pleasure, rather than as a thing to be used seriously for specific purposes. Music study in conservatories or with private teachers has had for its chief object technical proficiency in playing or singing. Although we have spent millions on concerts and opera, those millions have been spent chiefly by and for the rich, or the well-to-do people of our communities. And while there is a fine idealism in this effort and this expenditure—and nowhere in the world is this idealism more manifest than here—the great mass of our people remain untouched.

In other departments of art this is not the case. We offer without payment to all and sundry the chance to see great paintings and sculpture, and the thousands who pour through the doors of our Museums testify their appreciation of the opportunity. But Sunday afternoon concerts represent the limit of our progress in the direction of music.

What are the possibilities for music in

the Cleveland Museum of Art? First of all we might offer our people opportunities for singing together. Making music yourself is always better than having someone else make it for you. And, although our powers of making music are necessarily limited, we can all sing, and there is plenty of fine, simple music for us to begin with. The first state of "being musical" is to sing. On the days when the Museum is free we might set apart a time when there would be chorus singing in the lecture hall; everybody who wanted to come would be welcome. We should have to begin with unison songs,—our own first, both traditional and patriotic; we could learn some of the great songs of France, England and our other allies. After a time a chorus might be formed that would be capable of singing in parts. If an organ were installed in the Museum this singing could occasionally take place in the Court with a larger body of people. There is no doubt of the value of community singing such as this. It is a good thing for people, who, perhaps, do not know each other, and who may be of different races, and of different conditions of life, to come together and join in creating by their own powers something beautiful, for it not only brings them into sympathy with each other, but it affords them a real contact with music itself. Too many of our musical experiences are purely passive.

On days when there are large groups of children in the Museum there might be singing for them. Beautiful folk-tunes, patriotic and familiar airs might be taught to choruses of children. It is a well-known fact that children at the age of four or five are, with few exceptions, musical; it is obvious that the average American adult is only casually so—if at all. Between childhood and maturity the instinct for music goes to waste. The chief reason for this is that during those years young people are not kept in contact with good music; it is impossible to form by means of poor models of taste and a love for any art. And children prefer good songs to bad when they are given a fair chance to discriminate.

To supplement this singing there should be, I think, lectures on music by means of which the same people who come to sing could be helped to understand great compositions. These lectures would be similar

in character to those given on painting, etching, etc. The arts are all related together; they obey the same laws; they reflect the same dreams. The Museum is specially suited for such lectures, since a talk on a Beethoven symphony would be much illuminated if the lecturer had on the platform a piece of sculpture or a painting by means of which he could draw comparisons, and make analogies. The real difficulty that a long piece of music presents to a listener, is that of making sense of it as a whole. He hears short passages that he likes and understands, but he does not put them together. Yet the plan of a symphony is a finely coordinated thing; it is much more highly organized than the plan of a novel can ever be; it is more like architecture than like literature. A black-board for the bare skeleton of the form, a story that the audience knows, a painting—all these can be used to show how music forms itself. Such lectures as I describe would create intelligent listeners for whatever public concerts were given in the city. This activity should stimulate musical appreciation, and quicken the musical life of Cleveland, and in no sense would it be a substitute for them.

In connection with these lectures concerts might be given in the Museum. The best means of giving a large number of people good music would be an organ upon which music by Bach and Händel and César Franck, and other great composers could be played. The organist, it is hoped, would be invisible; we should try to make the music, and the music only, the object. An occasional string quartet concert might supplement the regular recitals. In any event we should try to have the same music played several times so that our audiences might become familiar with it. And it would be wise to keep out of the Museum the atmosphere of the virtuoso.

These plans, if properly carried out, would make of the Museum a place where all the people could join together in a common activity. They would become more intimately a part of the institution. They would learn what music really is; music would become a sociological factor in the city; it would educate the people, and it would help to eliminate racial and social distinctions. What an inspiring

thing it would be to sing with hundreds of others in so noble a place! How splendid the setting! Surrounded by forms of beauty, the people could make new and delicate music-forms go echoing through the great halls. We might make of the art a solvent; we could get away from the artificiality that often surrounds it; we should learn to love it simply and naturally.

The war has brought a tremendous awakening to the value of music. The world is aghast, and civilization is trembling in the balance. There is little solace

in material things, but ideals are aglow as they always are when material things fail us. We are turning naturally for solace to music for inspiration to the most idealistic thoughts we know. "The meaning of song goes deep," says Carlyle; "Music takes us to the edge of the infinite," he tells us. Let us use it that it will be all these things to us. Let us claim our heritage. Let us no longer keep it as an expensive exotic, but make it minister to our real needs.

Thomas Whitney Sullivan



A BIT OF NEW ENGLAND

A PAINTING BY J. ALDEN WEIR



BLUE DEVILS MARCHING UP FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

A PAINTING BY GEORGE LUKS



The Distinguished Service
Cross



The Distinguished Service
Medal

THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS AND MEDAL

A DISTINGUISHED Service Cross and a Medal have recently been issued under the authority of the War Department.

The Distinguished Service Cross is to be awarded to soldiers for acts of bravery and conscientious performance of duty, not necessarily in the face of the enemy or at the risk of their lives. The cross will parallel the French Croix de Guerre or the British D. S. O.

The Distinguished Service Medal is to be awarded for valor or gallantry in action. It is to be of bronze with the seal of the United States forming the center design.

Reproductions of the accepted designs are given herewith.

Both cross and medal were ordered through a well known firm of jewelers, and, despite the fact that there is a standing

executive order to the effect that "when questions involving matters of art which the Federal Government is concerned to be determined, final action shall not be taken until they have been submitted to the Commission of Fine Arts for comment and advice," these designs were not submitted to the Commission of Fine Arts before acceptance.

Both cross and medal are said to have been designed by Captain André Smith, the distinguished etcher, and Aymar Embury, the no less distinguished architect, both of whom are now serving in the Camouflage section of the army. But upon good authority it is understood that the artists were merely asked to criticize and revise designs submitted to them by the firm with whom the Government placed the order. The cross as originally issued was

much more ornate than it is at present. About one hundred of the first type of Distinguished Service Cross were struck before this revision was made. Both cross and medal were issued before the bill authorizing such awards became a law.

The American Federation of Arts by resolutions passed at the Convention in Detroit and by subsequent letters to the President, the Secretary of War and others in authority, protested against the issuance of medals and crosses which should not represent the best art of which the Nation was capable, and against the issuance of any medals, the design of which had not been previously submitted to and approved by the Federal Commission of Fine Arts. It was pointed out that even though certain crosses and medals had been issued it would be possible to change the designs inasmuch as this first presentation might be regarded merely as an evidence of purpose and recalled when others were issued.

It was also pointed out that such medals being of imperishable material and of great

inherent significance, would be cherished for generations as heir-looms; that by them the taste and standards of our time would be judged; that obviously for these reasons they should be of intrinsic merit, representative of the best art of our day, comparable artistically with similar medals of honor bestowed by other nations.

Unfortunately these arguments seem not to have availed. A high military authority who was personally approached is reported to have said that medals of honor, distinguished service crosses, etc., were merely "details of uniform" and that their design did not signify.

It is quite true that the distinguished service cross and medal might both be worse artistically than they are and that some such insignia highly prized and greatly coveted are worse in design, but as compared to the French medals they are distinctly inferior and as compared with the best that America could produce they are lamentably poor. This is greatly to be regretted.

ITEMS

An exhibition of etchings by Lester G. Hornby is being held in the Library of Congress, Washington. The collection numbers 40 prints, included among which in his Marne series are the little bridge at Chateau Thierry, where the American marines gave so excellent an account of themselves, "Dans les Champs, Marne," "La Jardinière-Matin, Marne," all interesting and significant works. There are also quite a number of Paris etchings in the collection showing intimate studies of streets and buildings, an excellent view of the Quai at Boulogne and a rather remarkable picture of a wind storm "Le Ciel Pluvieux, Scilly."

Mr. Hornby holds high rank among our contemporary etchers and this exhibition goes far toward confirming his right to such rating.

The last of June Mr. Hornby sailed for France with the purpose of making a series of etchings for reproduction in one of the leading American magazines. He had approval of the Committee on Public Information.

Grand Rapids, Mich., has the distinction of possessing the only public school of art and industry in this country. It was founded in 1916 by the Board of Education acting for the people of the city who realized the need for such an institution as a great factor in the city's growth.

The four dynamic facts upon which the activities of the school are based, as well as their value to the citizens, are as follows. First, drawing and design enters into all factory products; second, the public is demanding better goods; third, competition on the basis of design and fine workmanship offers more permanent profits than on any other ground; fourth, through the work of the school of art and industry Grand Rapids can become the American center of all the finer home furnishings in addition to furniture.

The school is located on the upper floors of the public school building and in material return has been found to pay. J. B. Davis is Principal and H. M. Kurtzworth, Director.

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THE GOVERNMENT AND ART

For years efforts have been exerted to interest the National Government in art, but with small result. Art in the eyes of the law-makers and official potentates has been regarded as a mere luxury for which the busy man had little use, its consideration to be left to women, retired bankers and—a convenient season. Then came the war and suddenly, unsuspectingly, of necessity, the National Government found the need of art and began to patronize it on an amazingly large scale. In this great emergency the National Government found need of speech, it had a message for the people—how was it “to get it over?” Why by use of the universal language of art, pictures of course, and the Pictorial Division of the Committee on Public Information was formed with its various subdivisions. The artists were called upon to make picture-posters. A great army was raised, but how to unify it? Why by the medium of song, and so song masters and musicians were summoned. So much so good, but that was not enough. To work well one must play well and the Government built play houses and called for service on the Drama. Today the Government is managing sixteen little theatres and the Commander-in-Chief of its armies in France has asked the actors and actresses in the United States for aid and cooperation in winning the war. The architects of the

country are being called upon to assist the housing projects for which millions of dollars are being spent. The craftsmen are being asked for aid in the great work of healing and rehabilitating the wounded.

In every instance art has justified its calling. To their country in time of need the artists have brought their talent gladly and freely. It is the patriotic boast of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's Pictorial Division that not one man serving there has taken a penny for his services—the posters the Government has wanted “put over” its message to the people have been contributed without fee.

The musicians have been no less generous nor have the members of the dramatic profession. When Winthrop Ames and L. H. Southern told a theatre full of actors and actresses how they could help in France twenty-five hundred instantly arose and volunteered their services.

The joke of it all is, however, that the National Government does not really know that it is using art. And if it were asked today to establish a Department of Art, a National Conservatory of Music, or a National Theatre, it would be just as horrified as ever, just as loath to believe in art as not a luxury, but a necessity. “Are posters Art—are camp songs Music, are camp plays Drama?” Why not, because they are popular? Let it be remembered that the great art of the world has always been popular in its own time, the great painters, musicians and playwrights have been appreciated by their contemporaries and their art has been *wanted*. Only in these later days has worth in art been estimated by the measure of failure and incomprehensibility, only in our own time has art been produced primarily for art's sake, through a mere desire on the part of the artists for self-expression.

Thank heavens art is now wanted and artists have found something to say, something so worth saying that it must be said clearly and definitely in order to be understood. It is the salvation of art whether the Government knows it or whether the artists know it or not. And because art is answering the summons and is being found useful, necessary, we need not worry whether it is recognized or not, recognition will follow. Of that there is no doubt.

FREE ART

The tariff has been removed from art, but that single act does not insure its perpetual freedom. In June it was rumored that the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives contemplated laying a tax of 25 per cent on all sales of art in this country, presumably for the period of the war. The tax was to be levied not on art only, but luxuries in general and among these art was listed. A hearing was held—the art dealers and the artists made their pleas—the evil, it is believed, was averted, but the arguments were economic, not artistic—a tax on sales meant a reduction of sales and on a proportionate amount of taxable incomes. It was not deemed expedient to “kill the goose that laid the golden egg.”

Had the tax been imposed some unanswerable questions would have arisen as to what was and what was not taxable. For example a chair made in the period of the Italian Renaissance sold in a great auction room for a great price would doubtless have been considered a work of art. But why not then a chair made in our own time, sold in a department store for a modest sum? Is art merely a matter of price and not of design? Who shall decide?

But there is another side to the question: “Shall art be free?” Isn’t the artist like every other laborer, “worthy of his hire?” Apparently the world at large does not think so, for it is forever asking him to contribute his art free and feeling injured when he declines. Nine times out of ten when an artist sells a work he is asked to make a concession in price, the value of his time, his talent, and years of apprenticeship rarely being taken into consideration. A poster is wanted and So-and-So is asked to make it, without fee; a picture is desired for a war charity sale and So-and-So is asked to contribute it. The artists as a class are the most generous people in the world, they give gladly and without measure, even impoverishing themselves, but their generosity should not be abused nor unrewarded. When an artist gives his time and his work he is making as real a contribution as a doctor, a lawyer or a laboring man. Even the soldier who makes the supreme sacrifice and puts his life at the

disposal of his country draws a salary, has allowance made for dependents and is entitled to a pension. It is inconceivable that any artist would not contribute his best to his country’s service, but it is a little hard on the other hand to understand why any one class should be expected to serve without compensation—why when bricks and mortar, iron and steel, labor and brains all have their price and are being purchased art should be free. Why should not the artist as well as the business man and laborer have the privilege of buying liberty bonds, war savings stamps, contributing to the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. from his own legitimate earnings? Why should artists be regarded in the same light as the idle rich rather than as members of the army of workers? To so regard them is neither economic nor just.

NOTES

POSTERS FOR
SHIP
BUILDERS

A great competition for posters specially for shipyard display, which will depict the spirit of personal service on the part of the men in the yards, has been instituted by the National Service Section of the Emergency Fleet Corporation through the *New York Sun*. Twelve prizes aggregating \$1,000 for the best designs are offered.

Commenting upon the possibilities of the contest Dr. Charles A. Eaton, head of the Section, is quoted in the *New York Sun* as saying:

“There are now over 300,000 men employed in the shipyards in this country. This number will be greatly increased as the program develops. They are hard-working men, dedicated to the task of winning the war. They have not the leisure for reading long articles, but their minds are open to every message pertaining to the great responsibilities which rest upon them.

“The poster properly placed in the shipyards is a daily message and reminder. It contains in brief space a whole argument and appeal. Its influence, consciously and unconsciously, has proved itself to be very great. The men appreciate this form of appeal. Many of them are keen in their artistic sympathies, and the best that can

be done by an artist will meet with a fine response and understanding.

"This is the hour when every talent must be placed at the service of our country. To produce posters carrying a patriotic message to hundreds of thousands of men in America every day is in itself a rare opportunity and one worthy of the best in the land."

THE ABUSE OF POSTERS

In a recent issue of the *Bulletin* of the Art Institute of Chicago attention is called to the excellent service to which posters are being put today, the fine type of work which is being displayed and the possibility of minimizing the value of posters by their misuse. The criticism which is only too just is as follows:

"The East again furnishes us with an object lesson. Twenty copies of a single poster pasted in a crooked line around three sides of a subway entrance will not have twenty times the advertising force of one such poster, thoughtfully placed. And yet, in this time of national economy, twenty posters, together with all the labor of printers, paper makers, lumbermen and railway-employees, required to make them possible, have been attempting to do the work of one in just this way, in many a subway station of Greater New York. Chicago may still avoid this error. Slowly and laboriously we have brought a certain beauty to our city. To permit it to be defaced at this time is to give the enemy an initial victory over our civilization without his spending a shot to earn it.

"From the practical standpoint, nothing will so quickly still the eloquent voice in which the poster speaks as will this very abuse of it. The poster is a tremendous power so long as it springs into view and surprises the eye with its freshness and beauty in unexpected places. The moment its charm and surprise are neutralized by undue repetition, it ceases to function. The moment it disfigures by being misplaced, or hangs in unheeded, tattered fragments from every wall and post, it may evoke resentment, and its whole force be projected against its original purpose.

"Finally, if indeed we are on the eve of great sacrifices, is it the heroic thing to go, dishevelled and disfiguring ourselves, or

shall we maintain to the end with color flying, that beauty and dignity which our earnest and toiling civilization has been able to achieve?"

MUSIC AND THE WAR

Horatio Parker of Yale University has written the music for a Red Cross song entitled "The Red Cross Spirit Speaks," words by John H. Finley. Victor Herbert has written the music for the "Song of the Shipbuilder," words by Louis S. Anspacher, dedicated to the men of the ship trades.

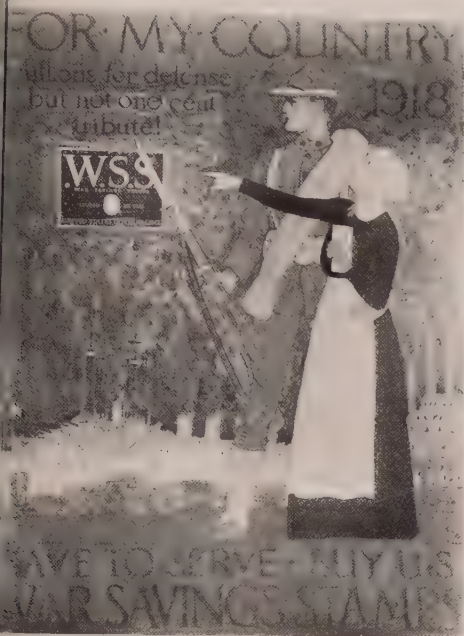
Walter Damrosch, Director of the New York Symphony Orchestra, has gone to France to give a series of orchestral concerts in the American Army Camps during the summer. The orchestra which he will conduct is to be composed of fifty French musicians. Mr. Damrosch has given his services, and the expense incident to the project, including salaries and traveling expenses for the fifty French musicians, has been contributed by Mr. Flagler, President of the New York Symphony Orchestra, both through a desire to give good entertainment to the American soldiers in France and to assist the French musicians who have been impoverished by the war.

WAR SAVING STAMP POSTERS

The practical value of the art teaching in the public schools has been demonstrated in connection with the War Saving Stamp Campaign. All over the country during the last three months pupils of the public elementary schools and high schools, as well as students in the art schools, have been devising posters to promote the sale of War Savings Stamps. Hundreds of schools have had local competitions, and the country as a whole has been divided into four great groups where the best posters from the local competitions have been judged before the final competition.

The 108 prize posters thus collected from the four corners of the country were shown in the galleries of the Art Alliance of America, in New York City, which were donated for the purpose.

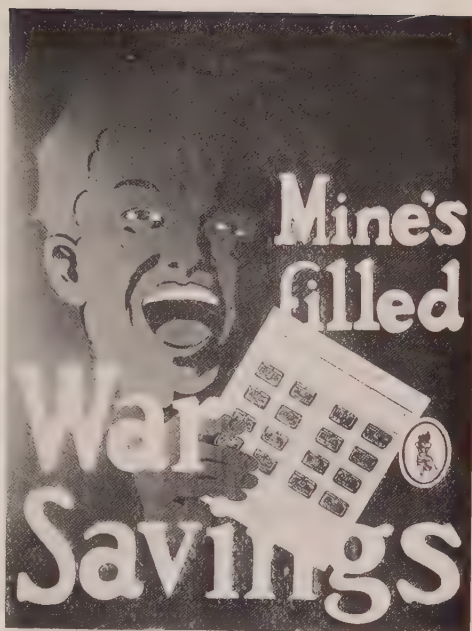
Thrift stamps and War Savings Stamps certificates were awarded in each of the four groups to winners chosen by special group juries. The country was divided



"FOR MY COUNTRY" BY SGT. CHARLES A. DUNN

NATIONAL SCHOOL FINE AND APPLIED ARTS,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

NATIONAL WINNER. CLASS A



"MINE'S FILLED"

BY EDWARD KRESSY

GRAMMAR SCHOOL, CLEVELAND, OHIO

NATIONAL WINNER. CLASS B

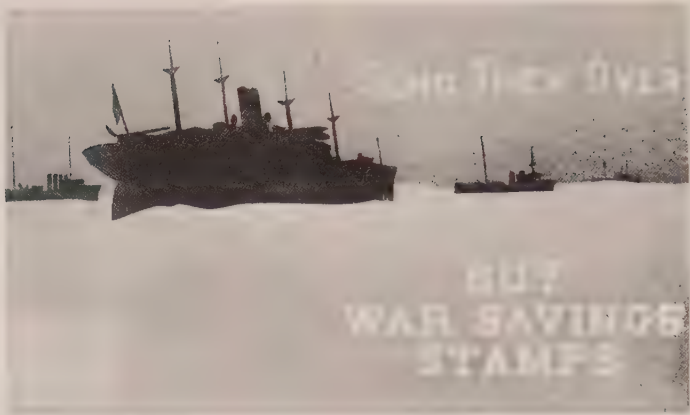
into four groups of states, each group having approximately the same population, and committees were appointed to take charge of the competitions. C. Edward Newell, Director of Art in Springfield, Mass.; Emma M. Church, Director of the Church School of Art, Chicago; Ellsworth Woodward, Director of the School of Art, Tulane University, New Orleans; and Prof. Arthur B. Clark of Stanford University, Cal., acted as Chairmen of these committees.

A committee of artists consisting of Charles Dana Gibson, Chairman, F. D. Casey, Acting Chairman, F. G. Cooper; Walter Whitehead; Ray Greenleaf; and J. H. Chapin made the final selection. The national winners in the various classes are as follows: Art School, "For My Country," by Sergeant Charles A. Dunn, of Washington, D. C., pupil of the National School of Fine and Applied Art of Washington; High School, "Mine's Filled," by Edward Kressy, of Cleveland, Ohio; Grammar School, "Send Them Over," by John

W. Schmidt of Buffalo, N. Y.; National honorable mention for "Save," by Katherine Mallet (Class A), of Norwich, Conn.

The great task of organizing and carrying out the competition on a national scale was accomplished by a national committee of art educators including Royal B. Farnum, New York State Specialist in Art Education, Chairman; James P. Haney, Director of Art in the High Schools of New York City; C. Valentine Kirby, Director of Art, Pittsburgh; Henry Turner Bailey, Cleveland School of Art; Harry W. Jacobs, Director of Art, Buffalo; J. Winthrop Andrews, Director of Art, Yonkers, and the four group chairmen.

After being exhibited in New York the posters were forwarded to The American Federation of Arts in Washington, where they are being organized into a traveling exhibit to tour the country next fall and winter. In this way they will continue to further the interests of the National War Saving Stamp Committee and promote the sale of war stamps.



"SEND THEM OVER"

BY JOHN W. SCHMIDT

BUFFALO, N. Y.

NATIONAL WINNER, CLASS C

ARCHITECTS
EMPLOYED IN
FEDERAL
HOUSING
PROJECTS

The National Government has gone into housing development on a very large scale, Congress having voted something over \$60,000,000 for the purpose.

The work is under the Department of Labor. Mr. Otto D. Eidlitz is in charge and has associated with him some of the foremost architects and landscape gardeners in this country.

The *Official Bulletin* of June 25th announced the following appointments:

Project No. 10, Erie, Pennsylvania—Architect, Albert H. Spahr, Pittsburgh; town planner, C. D. Lay, New York City; engineer, Chester and Fleming, Pittsburgh.

Project No. 18, South Charleston, W. Va.—Architect, Godley, Haskell and Sedgwick, New York City; town planner, James L. Greenleaf, New York City; engineer, James L. Greenleaf.

Project No. 24, Bethlehem, Pa.—Architect, Zantzinger, Borie and Medary, Philadelphia; town planner, T. W. Sears, Philadelphia; engineer, L. J. H. Grossart, Bethlehem, Pa.

Project No. 27 a. b., Washington Navy Yard—Architect, York and Sawyer, New York City; town planner, none; engineer, none.

Project No. 27 c, Washington Navy Yard—Architect (temporary), James A. Wetmore, Washington, D. C.; town planner, none; engineer, none.

Project No. 54 a. b. c., Washington Dor-

mitories—Architect, Waddy B. Wood, Washington, D. C.; town planner, none; engineer, none.

Project No. 59, Bath, Me.—Architect, Parker, Thomas and Rice, Boston, Mass.; town planner, Lorrington Underwood, Boston; engineer, Weston and Sampson, Boston.

Project No. 62, Quincy, Mass. Architect, J. E. McLaughlin, Boston, Mass.; town planner, H. J. Kellaway, Boston; engineer, Ernest W. Branch, Quincy, Mass.

Project No. 102, Bridgeport, Conn.—Architect, R. C. Sturgis, Boston, Mass.; town planner, A. A. Shurtleff, Boston; engineer, none.

Project No. 141, Puget Sound, Washington (Bremerton)—Architect, A. H. Albertson, Seattle, Wash.; town planner, E. T. Mische, Portland, Oregon; engineer, Sawyer Brothers, Spokane, Washington; George B. Sawyer, Seattle, Washington.

Project No. 150 a. b., Norfolk and Portsmouth—Architect, George B. Post and Sons, New York City; town planner, none; engineer, Nicholas Hill, New York City.

Project No. 150 c., Norfolk and Portsmouth (colored)—Architect, Rossel Edward Mitchell; town planner, none; engineer, none.

Project No. 378, Watertown, N. Y.—Architect, Davis, McGrath and Kiessling, New York City; town planner, F. Vitale, New York City; engineer, E. W. Sales, Watertown, N. Y.

Project No. 502, Philadelphia Navy Yard—Architect, Rankin, Kellogg and

Crane, Philadelphia; town planner, none; engineer, none.

Project No. 581, Mare Island (Vallejo), Cal.—Architect, George W. Kelham, San Francisco; town planner, P. R. Jones, San Francisco; engineer, S. E. Keiffer, San Francisco.

Alliance, Ohio—Architect, Walker and Weeks, Cleveland; town planner, De Forrest, Rochester.

MURAL
PAINTING
BY
TABER SEARS
Taber Sears of New York has recently executed an interesting wall painting to be placed above the Holy Table of the Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street, New York City.

The subject is the "Te Deum Laudamus," a chant of the early church, and the paintings are, therefore, lyric in composition and not dramatic or tragic or philosophic as other churchly or Biblical subjects might suggest.

The lower row of paintings contain Apostles, Prophets and Martyrs; they are St. Augustine, St. Stephen, Elijah, St. James, Ezekiel, Polycarp, and St. Chrysostom. They represent the history and tradition of the Church.

The paintings in the upper composition set forth the Powers of Heaven following the enumeration in the chant. They gather around Christ in Glory, who is surrounded by angels, seraphim and cherubim, the arrangement suggesting the oval mandorla favored by the early Italian painters.

Adjacent to the Christ on each side are independently composed groups which are Peace after War, Pilgrims to Christ and Holy Church. These are the most prominent figures in the upper section. Above them rises a great host, the seven Archangels with trumpets, Dominations shown with an orb, Governors with a crown, Thrones with a tower, Virtues and Principalities with pennons. Symbols from the Book of Revelations are borne on the pennons.

The great Gothic framework or tracery, rising twenty-five feet to the apex, is decorated in appropriate colors and gold. It is placed on the pulpit wall and represents the pinnacles of the church, in which these paintings have been placed.

ART IN CHICAGO

Oregon, Ill., near which is Eagle's Nest Camp, the summer home and studios of Lorado Taft, Ralph Clarkson, Charles Francis Browne, Oliver Dennett Grover, Hamlin Garland, Elia Peattie and other painters, sculptors, and writers is to have an art gallery dedicated on July 4th, as a "Thank Offering", say the artists, for the hospitality of the beautiful little city on Rock River. For over a decade, the painters who have spent three months of the summer in studios there, have held small exhibitions, largely attended by the neighborhood. Lorado Taft's colossal monument to the Indian hero, Black Hawk, rises from the bluffs at the artists' settlement in the forest nearly one hundred feet above Rock River, and Mr. Taft's Soldiers' Monument to the heroes of Illinois from that section adorns the part at Oregon about two miles distant across the river. Since the camp was organized on the estate of Wallace Heckman of the University of Chicago, twenty years ago, numerous students and young artists have been guests, and many have had the loan of studios during the absence of their owners to carry out original ideas either in painting or sculpture. A great deal of work connected with Mr. Taft's great scheme for sculpture decoration of the Midway at the University of Chicago has been executed in the large studio near Oregon. Among the past and present residents at Eagle's Nest Camp who are exhibiting in the new gallery at Oregon, Ill., are Lorado Taft, Evelyn Longman, A. Phimister Proctor, Bessie Potter Vonnoh, Nellie V. Walker, Leonard Crunelle, Kathleen Robinson Ingels, George Ganiere and other sculptors, and Charles Francis Browne, Oliver Dennett Grover, Frank V. Dudley, A. H. Schmidt, Ralph Clarkson and other painters.

Examples of needlework from the nations of the Near East in the War Zone were collected by Mrs. Emma B. Hodge in recent years and are on exhibition for the first time in Gunsaulus Hall, the Art Institute of Chicago. Mrs. Hodge and her sister are donors of the English Porcelains which fill several galleries at the Art Institute and more lately Mrs. Hodge has given her interest to gathering American handi-



ANNA PAVLOWA

A PHOTOGRAPH BY

F. M. STEADMAN

CARACAS, VENEZUELA, NOVEMBER, 1917

crafts of the Colonial period. Knowing the fatality pursuing Armenia and the small nations of the Near East, Mrs. Hodge set out to find the best examples of embroidery and weaving. There are no two pieces duplicated and the selection was considered complete only after many rejections of inferior pieces. From Armenia come the towels and scarfs of hand woven textiles exquisitely adorned with stitchery in colors, rose blue, green and gold in tones impossible to procure today. A rare Armenian prayer rug is included. The Russian linens from the Ukraine, others from northern Russia and from the Caucasus contain unusual designs of great beauty. A set of towels made for the Czar and presented by the Czarina wife of Alexander, father of the late Czar, to the Royal Physician as a token of gratitude is included. There also are examples of Greek, Bulgarian, and a few East Indian pieces.

WORKS BY
ANNA COLEMAN
LADD

Anna Coleman Ladd (Mrs. Maynard Ladd), two of whose works in sculpture are reproduced elsewhere in this magazine, is at present in France making new faces for French soldiers irretrievably disfigured in the war. She is doing this in part from photographs, casting copper plate masks which she silvers and then colors. It is a work which Mrs. Ladd felt that as a sculptor she was peculiarly fitted for and in which it seems she has met with exceptional success.

Mrs. Ladd's husband, Dr. Maynard Ladd, is in charge of the American Red Cross Hospital near Toul. She is a Boston woman with a summer home at Manchester-by-the-Sea, but has lived much of her life abroad. She has a dauntless spirit, inexhaustible enthusiasm and tremendous working force. Her sculpture has originality and imaginative quality. In not a few of the North Shore gardens are her decorative fountains to be found.

An illustrated article on Mrs. Ladd's work by Miss Anna Seaton-Schmidt was published in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART for July, 1911 and reproductions of two of her fountains are to be found in the October, 1912, issue.

BOOK REVIEWS

MUSEUM IDEALS OF PURPOSE AND METHOD. BY BENJAMIN IVES GILMAN, Secretary of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, at the Riverside Press, Cambridge, for the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Price \$3.00.

This book of 434 pages has been approximately eighteen years, its author says, in preparation and is the result of much study and thoughtful investigation.

It is divided into two parts; first "Purpose," dealing under several heads with "The Nature and Place of Fine Art"; "Popular Education in Fine Art"; and "The Aims of Museums" embodying the ideal of culture; second, "Method," including "Growth," "Construction," "Installation," "Exegesis," and "Government." Part one is largely theoretical, part two technical.

Mr. Gilman maintains that a museum is an institution founded to keep things for show and he stresses the value of the aesthetic as superior to the value of the purely educational. He claims that the inherent purpose of art is to give pleasure and he makes clear definition between the uses of art and the uses of science. It is on these grounds that his book will awaken argument and meet with objection. The museum of the present is supposed to have put aside its one time function of so-called cold storage and awakened to possibilities of usefulness in relating art to life. At a first glance Mr. Gilman's book would seem to advocate a return to old ideals and methods, but if one will read carefully all that he has to say one will find him not so greatly in disagreement with the promoters of the new idea. Art's chief element is beauty, its chief function to give pleasure. It should be carefully selected and well displayed. Its pleasurable qualities should be brought to the attention of the public, not through didactic teaching, not by mere preaching, but by constructive criticism, by the contagion of intelligent enthusiasm—such are the convictions Mr. Gilman sets forth.

Labels on works of art are, Mr. Gilman thinks, to be regarded somewhat in the light of necessary evils. Labels there should be, but of a type inconspicuous and unobtrusive, the thing itself—the work of

art—being of paramount importance rather than any thing which some one can say about it.

Perhaps nothing could seem further apart than the viewpoint which Mr. Gilman sets forth in this book and the viewpoint which Mr. John Cotton Dana, of Newark, has elaborated in certain pamphlets on the subject of the new museum, yet on the whole we are inclined to think that Mr. Gilman and Mr. Dana are in fact not so remotely separated and that over what would seem a wide chasm the old museum and the new museum are in reality joining hands. To forget the power of art to refresh the spirit, to underestimate its recreational value, its purely aesthetic appeal, would be to lose much of its value. For that reason in this exceedingly materialistic age, it is well that that side of art be stressed as Mr. Gilman has stressed it, now and then.

BEYOND ARCHITECTURE. BY A. KINGSLEY PORTER. Marshall Jones Company, Boston, Publishers. Price \$2.00 net.

Eight essays on architectural subjects which had their inception in the lecture room and first publication in a variety of technical and non-technical magazines are herewith brought together in a single volume. While each is complete in itself all are suspended, as it were, on a single thread—criticism of modern art on the basis of intellectuality—and thus constitute a homogeneous whole. For the essay on "The Art of Giotto," *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART* stood sponsor and it would gladly have assumed the same responsibility for all of the other papers.

Mr. Porter's criticism is severe, but it is constructive and while things may not be quite as bad as he fears, they are bad enough to merit his warnings. His chief plea is for that intellectuality which is the expression of joy. He truly says, "if there be no joy in creation all is in vain." His analysis of Roman and Gothic architecture is most interesting and instructive, giving insight into the spirit from which came form.

In his paper on "Art and the General," Mr. Porter urges the necessity of training not only the artists, but the general public in appreciation and points out certain ways in which this education can best be con-

ducted. He calls particular attention to this chapter to the need of more and better art criticism and to the importance of training along these lines in the schools and colleges of America.

Some of Mr. Porter's statements are quite startling, but they provoke thought and those who find pleasure in thinking about these things will get real delight as well as much profit out of these essays. It is such writing as this that we need to wake us up and to spur us on right now.

ERASMUS: HUMANIST AND PAINTER. BY MAURICE W. BROCKWELL. Privately printed, 1918.

This monograph, presented in the most attractive form, is a study of a triptych in a private collection, the collection of Mr. Edward A. Faust of St. Louis. After having been lost or forgotten for half a century this triptych, signed by Erasmus and his one authenticated painting, appeared in the United States recently and found its way into this mid-western private collection.

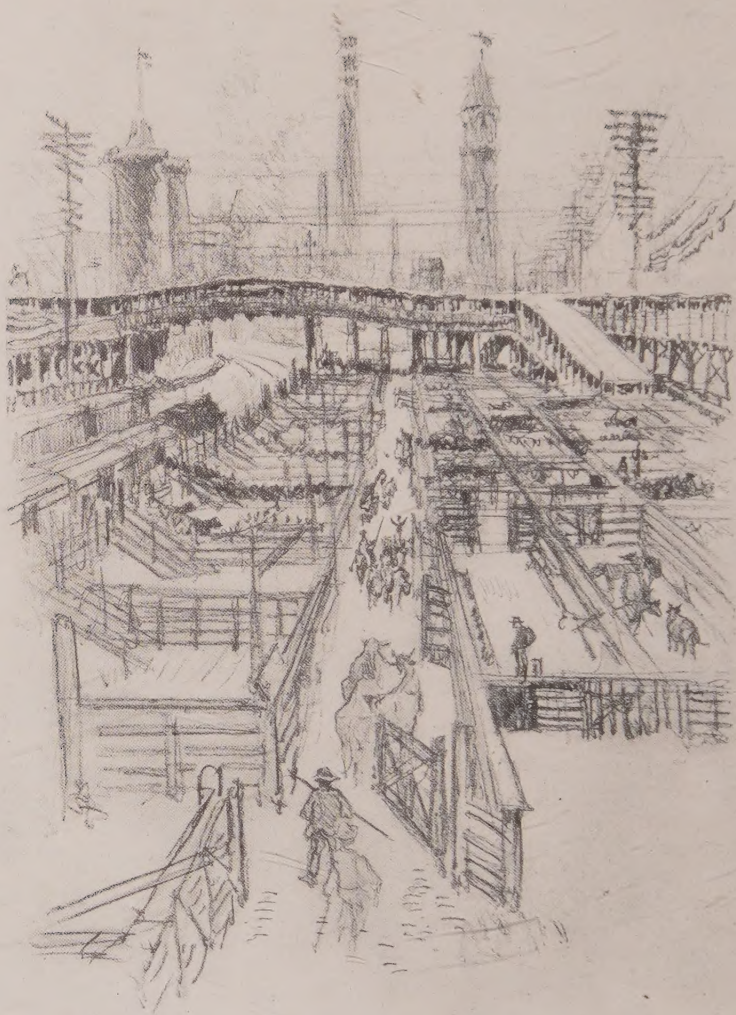
Its panels are beautifully reproduced and described, its pedigree given, after which follows an engaging biography and character sketch of Erasmus, humanist and painter.

There is a chapter on his portraits and a chapter with reference to the rarity of the work.

Mr. Maurice W. Brockwell, who has himself, gone into the matter of authenticity with the utmost care and completeness has given much of his time to such matters and some time ago assisted in rewriting the catalogue of the National Gallery, London.

The Emergency Fleet News reproduces and makes special mention in a recent issue of three posters specially designed for shipyard use by members of the Division of Pictorial Publicity. One is by James Daugherty, another is by H. Giles, and the third is by Jonas Lie.

Mr. Lie's painting was made after a visit to one of the best known shipyards and is a pictorial representation of the activity and hustling energy of an American shipyard of today. It is said to be a masterpiece.



Food the Stock Yards

THE WONDER OF WORK IN WAR TIME

IN THE STOCK YARDS

ONE OF A NEW SERIES OF LITHOGRAPHS BY

JOSEPH PENNELL